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**THOUGHTS**  
**IN PROSE AND VERSE,**  
**ON THE**  
***GRACE AND LOVE***  
**OF**  
**G O D.**

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**BY**  
**SARAH BERRY.**

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**RAMSGATE:**  
**BURGESS AND HUNT.**

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**MDCCCXXXVII.**



RAMSGATE,

1st June, 1837.

## **DEDICATION**

TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE

**THE LADY JANE ST. MAUR.**

ETC. ETC.

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MADAM,

IF anything can conquer the timidity I feel in submitting my humble strains to public inspection, it is the gracious condescension of your Ladyship, in patronising the feeble efforts of so unworthy an instrument. And if anything can give them value in my own eyes, it is the earnest hope that, with the Divine blessing and the instrumentality of your Ladyship and other devoted Christians, they may be permitted to speak a word of encouragement to

A



## DEDICATION.

the Lord's poor, who, like myself, are called by his providence to tread a flinty road; and are led, in the midst of trials and difficulties, to cast all their care upon Him who careth for them.

To any such tried souls, I would affectionately say, that it is often a matter of rejoicing to me that, not having my portion in this life, I am not suffered to live without hope and without Christ in the world; but, sheltered by poverty from the snares and temptations of ample worldly means, I enjoy peace with God, through the blood of a crucified and risen Saviour.

With deepest gratitude,

I beg to subscribe myself,

Your Ladyship's most obliged  
and humble Servant,

S. BERRY.

# **PREFACE,**

**BY A SUBSCRIBER.**

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THIS little Book is submitted to the Public, under no persuasion that its literary merits are of a superior order, and with no purpose of acquiring for its humble Authoress distinction or notoriety. Its single aim is to pourtray the power of real Religion on the heart, in circumstances of privation and obscurity.

To several Christians of experience and discernment, (under whose perusal its contents were brought before the resolution was taken of carrying them through the Press) there appeared ground for trusting, in a prayerful spirit, that the Lord would vouchsafe a blessing to the effusions of a mind which He has enlightened and renewed by His grace. They hope they are within the path of duty, in thus giving

## PREFACE.

an opportunity to one of the poorest of the Household of Faith to shew, in her own simple words, to others in the same position, the consolatory truths learnt in the school of sanctified affliction. Sincere and great will be their happiness if they find that impression correct; led by which, they have been induced to countenance a publication in which they believe the Sinner to be abased and the Saviour exalted.

The two compositions in prose, with which the Book opens (being a letter of advice and sympathy from the Authoress to one in the same lowly condition as her own, followed by some extracts from a Diary), will, it is thought, be not without interest to such as love to trace the work of Divine love in every regenerate soul!

**RAMSGATE,**

*1st June, 1837.*

January 26, 1836.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I HAVE been for some time considering whether I should comply with your request, or abruptly refuse you; but as I value your friendship, I have resolved upon the former, though not without many scruples as to my inability to afford you the satisfaction I fear you expect to find. I must, however, beg to be less minute than you desire me to be, although I confess it is extremely pleasing to retrace the steps of childhood, and recall to memory the happy days spent in unconsciousness of anything beyond present enjoyment. I must, however, glance at a few things in my early days; and as my chief object shall be to shew you what my Heavenly Father has by his Spirit lately shewn me, namely, his guiding hand and ever-watchful Providence over me, from the earliest dawn of recollection, I shall confine myself to such circumstances and periods as more clearly point out the goodness of a merciful God to a sinful and rebellious creature: and may his Holy Spirit direct my feeble hand, correct my weak and erring judgment, give me power to conceive and words to express a few (out of the innumerable) instances of his love!

B

You, my dear friend, know that ‘the wisdom of this world is foolishness with God,’ to all those who are taught of him; and as I am not writing to please the world, I shall neither court its smiles nor fear its frowns. Leaving it to your good sense to correct or pardon all imperfections, I begin my unprefaced history by telling you I was the third of nine children, and was born in the year 1797. My parents were poor, but honest and industrious, as will appear by their having brought up such a family without parochial relief, at a time when provisions were at a very high price. They, however, contrived to send us all, in turn, to a day-school, in the village; for then there were no National or Sunday Schools, as in the present day; at least, *we* were not blessed with them in or near our neighbourhood. I have no recollection of an existence before I went to school; for my mother being obliged to work hard towards our support, we were sent at a very early age. The first thing I can clearly remember, is a remarkable instance of Providence, when I was about four years old. My school-mistress had sent me out in care of an elder sister, and she, running off with some more children, left me to take care of myself. I strolled into an inn yard, and presently a boy in a light cart drove rapidly into the yard: I was so much frightened, that I fell down, and the wheel passed over my thigh. My screams brought several persons to the spot, and I was carried into school, every one present

expressing their fear that the limb was fractured.— My poor mother, who was that day washing at a lady's house, at no great distance, was immediately sent for: breathless with anxiety, she took me directly to a surgeon in the village, who carefully examined the limb, and pronounced the bone to be perfectly free from injury, though it was so much bruised that I could not walk for some time. This would, by many, be deemed a very trifling circumstance; but we are to acknowledge God in *all* our ways; and as this was the first *particular* instance of Providence to me, I think it right it should be the first upon record in my little narrative.

When little more than eleven years old, I left my paternal roof for service. Being expert at my needle, I was made useful to my employers, and had the good fortune generally to give them satisfaction. I have often of late years been highly amused with the retrospect of those days, when I considered myself of so much more importance than I now know myself to be; and I doubt not but I then caused the same amusement to those who were my elders and superiors. Be this as it may, I gave no further trouble to my parents, for I always found some friend to be kind to me in the way of giving me clothes, till such time as my wages were competent for that purpose. 'Twas now the seeds of corruption began to spring up apace, pride and ambition foremost of the train. I began to think I was fit for a much better situation than

the one I held in a very respectable farm-house; and my heart beat high to go to London. I ventured to open my mind to my good and kind mistress, and she earnestly begged me to give up all thoughts of roving, and remain where I was. For a time her arguments prevailed; but some months after, hearing of a gentleman, at a short distance, wanting a young person to attend on his two daughters, I resolved upon making application, which I no sooner did than I obtained the situation. Never shall I forget the joy I felt at my good fortune, as I called it; and many times since have I thought of my kind mistress's words with sorrow, though I then despised them. She told me, she feared I was getting very much lifted up, but hoped I would remember that a higher situation did not always prove a happier one; and that if I had more wages, I might have more difficulties. The two next years fully proved the truth of her words: but for the sake of brevity, as well as a regard to my own feelings, I shall not attempt to describe fully what those trials were; but I must in justice to myself say, they were of that nature which, had I not possessed a most determined adherence to propriety, must eventually have plunged me in the deepest misery. When speaking of my propriety of conduct, I beg to be understood as not at all considering the subject in the same light now as I did then,—far, very far, from it: *then* I stood as it were in my own strength, and trusted to my

own abhorrence of crime as a safeguard; but had I known, as I do now, the depravity of the natural heart, I should have seen how slender the reed of morality was, and how feeble that strength in which I trusted. But that eye which never sleeps, and that hand which is never weary, watched over me, and held me up that my foot slipped not; and though the snare was often laid with great art, yet as often was it broken, and I escaped. How merciful was God to pity my ignorance! for at that time I knew Him not as revealed in the Blessed Saviour of mankind. I had been taught, as thousands are, to claim his protection by way of merit. I did not neglect to pray to him; but, oh! what matter of form it must have been, when I knew nothing of the Mediator between God and Man,—nothing of that great High Priest who ever liveth to make intercession for sinners; consequently, my prayers could have been little better than blasphemy. But it must here be remembered, that I did not enjoy the benefit of a religious education, as our youth do in the present day. I was just seventeen when I entered this situation, and both my young ladies were under that age; they had lost their mamma three years before, and it may naturally be supposed they had been indulged on that account. Here it will occur to you, as it does to me now, that I was a most unfit person to take the charge of them; in fact, I am now of opinion, that my employer rather regarded me as an



object for himself, than as one competent to manage his children; but, blessed be God who shewed such favour unto me, and never suffered my enemy to triumph over me!

In little better than three years, I had an offer of an excellent situation as house-maid with three ladies, at a distance of a few miles, which I very joyfully accepted, though I did not leave my dear young ladies without deep regret. In this situation I spent nine years of my life in tolerable comfort; the few troubles I met with were such as are incidental to young persons in general, and might, with a little prudence and forethought, frequently have been prevented. In the course of the nine years, my present husband and I became mutually attached, and at the end of that time we were married. As we had both been industrious, our little savings amounted to about one hundred and thirty pounds. With this we thought to cut some figure in the world, by going into business; but, alas! we were neither of us fit to contend with the difficulties we met with, or the persons by whom we were surrounded. Suffice it to say, we were doped out of our little earnings by cunning and fraud; and finding it impossible to get a living, we took the opportunity of letting our shop to a person who was well adapted to manage it. I had one little boy, then two years old, and was expecting very shortly to increase my family. This, of course, added to my anxiety; and as I always resembled Martha, you

will easily imagine my anxiety was of a worldly nature. However, it pleased God to direct us for a lodging to the house of a very pious woman, in ——. We soon became mutually attached to each other; and as my spirits were then bowed down by misfortunes and disappointments, I was willing to listen to her profitable discourse, which seemed to promise me comfort in my distress: And praised be God who made me willing in the day of His power, and chose her as an instrument to bring me to a knowledge of Him as a Saviour, and of myself as a lost Sinner without him. I was prepared to meet my approaching trial with fortitude; and one like the Son of Man was with me in the furnace. Three days after, I was called upon to sustain a trial much more severe. My dear husband, who had been daily seeking for a situation for the last month, obtained one at a distance of ten miles, and was to leave me in two days. What added to our mutual uneasiness, was our pecuniary matters: we owed no one a farthing, but we possessed at that time no more than two pounds nine shillings and sixpence, and had no hope of any more until the end of my husband's first quarter: as his situation was one likely to require him to pay for many little things for his employer, I determined he should take the two pounds, and leave me and my two little children and his mother (who was kindly nursing me) with the nine shillings and sixpence.— This was a much severer trial to my husband than

to me; for I began to feel myself in the hands of a very merciful Father. My husband took leave of us all with a heavy heart, and I commended him to the care of God in the best way I could. In a fortnight all my money, excepting three halfpence, was gone. My spirits rather gave way, as I said to my mother, "what shall I do? I have no more money." The good old lady wept much, and expressed her surprise at my bearing it so well. That same day a lodger in the house gave me some needle-work, and never did I feel more rejoiced. I set to with cheerfulness, and in the evening a friend came to see me, from whom I had received many favours. On taking her leave, she presented me with five shillings, saying she had intended to bring me a bottle of wine, but as, perhaps, a little porter daily would be of more benefit to me, she hoped I would use it for that purpose. This kind, seasonable, and I may say, providential present, greatly comforted me. I was indeed deeply impressed with a sense of the divine goodness, and have often repeated this circumstance by way of encouragement to such as were bowed down like myself. At the end of the three weeks, I went to the house of the Lord with a thankful heart, "to pay" (as David says) "my vows, which I promised with my lips, and spake with my mouth, when I was in trouble."

About this time an Infant School was established in the neighbourhood, and my kind landlady recom-

mended my little boy. I took him on the following Monday, and the master of the school, who was a decidedly pious man, took the opportunity of speaking to me, and several more mothers present, on the importance of religious instruction, at the same time begging our attendance every Thursday evening at the school-room, as a minister would attend for exhortation and prayer. I constantly attended, and found it a very profitable means of keeping in the path of duty, both as a Mother and a Christian. On a Sabbath evening I used to put my dear little ones to bed, and go to hear Mr. — of R. St., and sometimes I heard Dr. — of Brompton, whose preaching I much admired. I was much tried in my temporal circumstances, as will easily appear, when I tell you that for two rooms on a second floor, with the occasional use of a kitchen, we paid a rent of fifteen pounds a-year. It is true we were in a very healthy part of town, close to the park, and in a very respectable house; but our means were not sufficient. My husband's wages were forty-five pounds a-year, out of which he had to find his own clothes; so that after I had paid my rent out of what he could spare, I had very little left. I was successful in getting needlework, and have sometimes sat up till morning to finish an article, that I might get the money to provide something for the day. I well remember, on one occasion, I had done as much for one person as came to eleven shillings; I took it home, rejoicing in the anticipa-

tion of receiving such a sum, and on being told Mrs. ——— was not at home, I had scarcely power to give in the work: so unexpected was the disappointment, that I sobbed aloud as I returned home. On going up the stairs, I met my landlady; she immediately perceived I had been crying, and asked me the cause. I told her of my disappointment; she said, “never mind, remember you have a friend in me.” I could not reply, but passed on to my apartment. In a few minutes, as I sat weeping, the door was gently opened and suddenly closed again: I got up to see if any one was there, and found upon the floor a jug of porter and a paper containing five shillings: this, I was confident, came from the friend I had passed on the stairs. Was it not the design of a great and wise God that she should meet me? for my dislike of making my necessities known was so great, that I should have gone supperless to bed that night, for want of the means to procure it.

After a little time, I succeeded in getting some muslins to wash for Mrs. ——— and her daughters, who were staying at ——— Hotel, in B. St. This answered much better than my needle, in every respect: I could earn more money, and had exercise of body as well. But this was only for a few months: however, I had great reason to be thankful for it, as I was never so straitened afterwards.

I had been nearly two years in my lodging, when I had a dream which seemed to impress my mind as

something unusual. I thought I was walking with my two children in a beautiful field of wheat; it was cut, and in the middle of the field I saw a high pillar with a broad slab on the top: I went up to it, and as I looked up, I saw the form of a man's hand, and it threw down wheat cleaned from the chaff: I held up my apron till it was quite full, and told my children to hold up their pinafores, which they did till they were full; and as I turned to go home, I awoke. I have before told you that the master and mistress of the Infant School, where my little boy attended, were pious persons; I told them my dream, and they both said, it appeared as though I should receive provision from some quarter at present unknown. Not long after this, my husband had the offer of a situation in a family known to us both, and, as to human appearances, it seemed likely to be permanent, he accepted it. This caused quite a revolution in my affairs: I was obliged to leave my dear and valued landlady, and many others I felt attached to, and to undertake a journey of upwards of seventy miles. I felt much at quitting them, and was very unsettled for some time: but as the bounds of our habitation are fixed, this was, doubtless, one out of all the things that shall work together for my good, I felt, most of all, discomfited in my spiritual state; I missed my minister and my kind advisers. But I must tell you that, though I enjoyed the preaching of the Word, I did not enjoy peace with God, because

I had not a clear view of the work of redemption. I wished to go to Christ, but I wanted to take my recommendation with me. I was like the poor man at the pool of Bethesda; he would have lain there till his death, uncured, had not Jesus had compassion on him and healed him; he believed the water would heal him, but he had not the power to step into it, and no one had compassion on him, till Jesus came and made him whole. So it was with me: I was anxiously waiting; and in His own good time, He sent his Spirit to illuminate my understanding, so that I could receive the Word; and through the "foolishness of preaching," I was led to see the complete work of the Redeemer. It was from these words—"If any man be in Christ, he is a new creature: old things are passed away; behold all things are become new." The instrument the Lord made use of, was a person in humble life, and his simple expressions were well suited to my ignorant state. I saw clearly my justification through faith in the blood of Christ, and felt that all my sins had been blotted out. It will not be possible for me to describe to you the feelings of my mind: I felt that I should burst with joy; and as soon as I got home, I fell upon my knees, and for some time could utter nothing but sobs, while the tears flowed down in abundance. I was, in reality, a new creature; for I had never experienced anything of the kind before; and I thought I could give up all for Christ. I even

wished not to live, for fear of going back again, and fancied no temptation would be too great for me to withstand. But oh! blessed be God that he did not put me to the trial; for since then, I have had to mourn over sins a thousand times, and have felt as heartless and as cold in his appointed ordinances as though I had never tasted his love. It will appear, perhaps, strange to you, that though I heard the same individual preach twice afterwards, I did not enjoy it; and I account for it in this way: his not being an educated man, there was of necessity a deal of repetition. In other words, I was no longer a babe in Christ, and was therefore able to digest strong meat. But do not suppose I had nothing more to learn; rather believe me, when I tell you, I was just beginning to learn. I knew nothing of conflicts, till I knew the depravity of my own heart; I knew nothing of the Lord's strength, till I was made sensible of my own weakness; I knew nothing of the power of my adversary, till I had to contend with him; but this I know now, that he shall never prevail over any child of God, while that child simply and entirely depends on God.

You know my manner of life now; but I am like a barren tree—the fruit is never to be found in season; and I sometimes fear the Lord of the vineyard will order it to be cut down and burned. My gratitude does not keep pace with my mercies, nor my progress in the divine life with the privileges and opportunities afforded me!



Endeavour, my dear friend, to take a hint from this; and oh! may it please God to give you the earnest of His Spirit, that you may realize the blessedness of a firm trust in, and an entire dependance on Christ, now and for eternity: and the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, shall keep your heart and mind through Christ Jesus. Amen.

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HAVING been thirteen months getting through my little narrative of facts, I will now, with the divine blessing, attempt to give you a few Christian hints, such as my experience will warrant me to do; and, first, with respect to your spiritual state. Your last letter gives me reason to believe that the good work is going on, though your doubts and fears keep you back. You say you are able to pray better than you did six months ago; this is very delightful news, for I know of no state more painful to the child of God than that of feeling no access to a throne of grace. I have experienced this to a very painful degree: I am inclined to think such seasons are needful for us, as we are too apt to think lightly of our privileges; and when blessings are not duly prized, we are justly punished by having them taken away. Again, I doubt whether our matter of prayer has been according to the will of God. We are too apt to dwell upon temporal blessings, rather than spiritual ones; we cannot ask too much of the one, but the other is best

left to God. We cannot think too little of ourselves, nor even enough of the love of Christ. If we were more out of ourselves, the Holy Spirit would be more in us.

The occasional happy frames you speak of, are much to be desired, but we are by no means to depend upon them as essential to our salvation, though they certainly add much to our enjoyment of spiritual things. Our solid comfort is in knowing that Jesus is ever the same, however we may vary in ourselves. The sun always shines, though the clouds often obscure it from our sight; so the love of Christ is still undiminished, though the clouds of our earthly cares, earthly tempers, and unsanctified affections keep us from drawing near to Him. But our prayers can at no time be acceptable to God unless offered up in faith, and in dependance on the Holy Spirit; and as these are the gift of God, we cannot be too urgent in asking for them. The promise is annexed to the command,—“ask, and ye shall receive.” But, after all, what is prayer?—read that sweet hymn of Montgomery’s on prayer, and another by Cowper; the former begins, “Prayer is the soul’s sincere desire,” and the latter, “How many hindrances we meet.” Oh! my friend, it is some consolation to such poor weak and worthless worms as you and I are, to know that those holy men have had to struggle with the same temptations, trials, and difficulties as we do on the road to heaven. I have shed many a tear over

Cowper's hymns; indeed, I never read any others that I received so much comfort from. I am very glad you have got Bogatzky's Golden Treasure, and the Four-fold State. I pray God to give you His enlightening Spirit, that you may read them with profit.

You complain that you did not find that comfort in Communion on Christmas-Day which you had hoped to receive. Now, I do not feel competent to teach you on this point, because there may be many things that may prevent our feeling that comfort and peace we desire. You are quite aware you cannot of yourself command a happy frame; neither can you think a good thought, or do a good act, except God work in you to will and to do, according to his good pleasure. It may be our heavenly Father's will to withhold that comfort from us when we are most desirous to obtain it; but this we may be sure of, that when he does give it, it is in *his own good time*.

You might, perhaps, be looking to the *means* for comfort, and not through them to Him who appointed it only as a mean whereby we might be refreshed by the remembrance of his great love in dying for our sins; or, what is still more likely, you were dwelling on your unworthiness, which must hinder the boon of free grace. How can we receive anything as a free gift, if we are looking for anything in ourselves to merit it? My dear friend, you must go to Christ, at all times, as a poor, helpless, hopeless, worthless, miserable sinner: till you do this, you will

never get solid peace nor comfort. My greatest happiness consists in knowing that Christ demands nothing of me but obedience, and that must naturally spring out of the heart of every sinner that is made sensible of what Christ has done for him; and my greatest misery is, that I make such poor returns, and shew so little love to Him. Oh! my friend, if I did not think the work of the Redeemer *perfect*, I should have no hope of the glory of God. If salvation depended on anything we have done, or can do, we might feel sure of it to-day, and lose it to-morrow—just as we acted. But what a mercy that the covenant is “well ordered in all things and sure”!

I hope it will please God to bless you with that liberty with which he makes his children free. Pray to be brought out of bondage; read St. Paul’s epistles to the Romans, Galatians, and Ephesians; read also that Sermon of Mr. L——’s, on the work of righteousness: you will see there the security of every believer. A Christian woman once told me, that she read the second chapter of St. Paul’s epistle to the Ephesians, till she could repeat the whole of it by heart. I think I may say she has walked with God for many years; but she is subject to doubts and fears at times, as well as you, who have not long begun the journey.

I must now give you a little caution with respect to your connexion with professors. Do not open your mind too freely to every one that *appears* reli-

gious. It may be well sometimes to converse with those who are decidedly pious, upon your own experience; but there are others who may put on the garb both of religion and friendship to serve themselves, and such never fail to catch at a young convert. If in any season of perplexity or darkness, you can converse with your minister, as the instrument ordained by God to watch over the spiritual welfare of his flock, you may receive very great comfort and benefit from his instructions. "A word in season, how good it is!"

But remember the fountain is always open; God's ear is never heavy that he cannot hear, nor his hand shortened that he cannot save; and I would, therefore, say, go to God with all your troubles, let them be what they may; he is always able to remove them, or to give you patience and comfort under them: it may please him to give you this comfort through some one of his creatures, but you must receive it as from God himself. You will know no solid comfort till you are weaned from all creature dependance. I know this by experience. I was very guilty of looking to the creature for comfort, till God shewed me, by repeated disappointments, the fallacy of so doing.

I have frequently gone to spend an hour or two with persons I thought likely to afford me help in my pilgrimage; but I have often come away not only disappointed, but disgusted; for if the conversation has not been altogether of a worldly nature, it has

been far from profitable; and I have said within myself, "how much better would it have been for me to have been at home, reading the Word of God, than to waste my precious time in such unprofitable discourse." I can say, sincerely, that I have found it sweet to "commune with my own heart in my chamber." Watts beautifully expresses it—

"In secret silence of the mind,  
My God, and there my heaven I find."

Lastly, I will advise you to keep in view the love God must have had for us sinners, in giving his Son to die for us, and the never-to-be-conceived love of the Son to come into our sinful world and tabernacle in human flesh, for thirty-three years, suffering all the miseries of our nature; and then to yield himself a sacrifice upon the cross, the accursed tree, for such vile, polluted, sinners as you and me. Oh! let us never be ashamed of the Cross of Christ! rather let us glory in that alone! Here we may cast all our sins, cares, doubts, fears, and every other burden! Here the penalty due to sin was paid, the ransom of every sincere penitent sealed with the precious blood of the Son of God! Oh! my dear friend, forgive my poor attempt; it is impossible for *me* to speak of such a theme in language any way suitable to the subject; but the time will come (and may very shortly come), when you and I may together realize something of the perfection of it, even in the presence of that adorable Redeemer himself. This theme will

form our subject of delight,—our blissful employment throughout eternity!

That you, my dear friend, may continue firm and immovable in the way of truth, is my heart's desire; and may you ever be kept by divine grace from tarnishing the glorious cause you are enlisted in!

Farewell! do not cease to pray for

Your unworthy Friend,

SARAH BERRY.

### *EXTRACTS FROM THE DIARY.*

SEPTEMBER 27th, 1834.

It has often been my wish to keep a sort of diary; and, with the Divine blessing, I will now begin,—trusting it may be a help to my soul, as I hope to be faithful in putting down, each day, such things as chiefly concern it; and here I must observe, I begin under very unfavourable auspices, as my mind has been extremely gloomy all day, with only now and then a ray of light. I have frequently exclaimed—

Bright Sun of Righteousness arise,  
And drive the scales from off my eyes;  
Dispel each doubt, and gloomy fear,  
And let me *feel* thy presence here.

Lord, what is man? a poor, blind, naked, miserable being; this is his best estate in himself. Surely this is sufficient to humble the pride of the human

heart; but does it do so? Alas! it does not; for he is in a state of open rebellion against his Maker, and yet in mercy spared.

Come now, my soul, and see what the Lord has done for thee! Has he not shewn thee that Sacred Writ, whereby thy sins (which are more in number than the hairs of thy head) are all cancelled by the shedding of His most precious blood. Will not this induce thee to love him, and to bear with patience the trials of this life? If this is not enough, look at the many sacred promises he has given thee that thou shalt inherit *eternal life*! Why will ye doubt? Thy Jesus is unchangeable, and therefore cannot deceive thee. Take courage, then, and put thy whole trust in him; live upon him; tell him all thy wants; supplicate his mercy; his ear is ever open to thy cry; his heart is full of love; thou canst not ask him what he cannot give. This shall be my petition to-night—  
 God be merciful to me a Sinner! S. B.

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SUNDAY, September 28th.

Minutes and mercies multiplied,  
 Have made up all this day;  
 Minutes come quick, but mercies were  
 More fleet and free than they.

BLESSED be God for another day of sacred rest! I have been twice to the Sanctuary; heard two discourses: in the morning, from the 1st chap. 2nd of Peter, 19th and two following verses; and in the



afternoon, from the 42nd Psalm, 1st verse. I profited most in the morning, for which I desire to give thanks to God; and I earnestly pray he will forgive my wanderings and imperfections during the latter service.

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#### THURSDAY, October 2nd.

THREE days have elapsed without a remark; this alone will shew the state of my mind. I have been involved in the affairs of this life too much to allow me to write; but, thank God, my heart was not in the business. Like David, I have wished that I had "the wings of a dove," that I might flee away and be at rest! I have had many painful feelings to-day; but all these things shall work together for my good. I know I may safely trust Him who has promised he will never leave me nor forsake me. I will, therefore, look again towards his holy temple: he will yet be gracious.

Lord, I am thine, but thou wilt prove  
My faith, my patience, and my love.

Thou art my refuge, and my merciful God!

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#### October 3rd.

My natal day, and, what may appear a little singular, my spiritual birth-day; for it is just two years

this day since the Lord was pleased to shew me how my sins were imputed to him, and his righteousness imputed to me! Blessed Redeemer, how can I sufficiently appreciate the value of that Divine revelation! Oh the depth both of the knowledge and the wisdom of God! How unsearchable are his judgments, and his ways past finding out! May it be a day ever to be remembered, and may my daily walk in life be, by the grace of God, more consistent with my profession as a believer! and if I am spared to see the return of another birth-day, may I not have to say it has been given me in vain!

Lord, I desire earnestly to enter upon another year of my time-state in thy strength. I desire to be clothed in thy righteousness only; to be found daily in humble supplication at the foot of thy cross, for that grace without which all outward forms are vain; to offer up my fervent thanksgivings for all those great and endless mercies which have hitherto crowned my life; and to trust thee for the remainder of time thou shalt see good to allot me.

### EBENEZER.

I have been favoured with a visit from two dear friends in the Lord, this day. May the great Shepherd of Israel preserve them and theirs! S. B.

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SUNDAY, October 5th.

I HAVE to thank God for great mercies. This day

has been a feast of "fat things;" but oh how totally unworthy am I of the privileges I have enjoyed! I was permitted to join in the Communion in the morning, to taste the sacred elements of bread and wine, those symbols of the broken body of our Blessed Redeemer, and his most precious blood shed for his ransomed people! In the afternoon, our under shepherd (who was greatly strengthened from on high) gave us a discourse from the 3rd chapter of Proverbs, 6th verse. It was much blessed to my soul, and I trust it was to all who heard it. The lessons for the day were singularly beautiful: the deliverance of the three children in the fiery furnace, is calculated to comfort the most tried Christian under the most painful affliction; for we must always remember their God is our God; the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever; as able and as willing to deliver us as he was to deliver them. May the Lord give me as strong faith as theirs under every trying circumstance! In this chapter, the Lord delivered his faithful people from fire; in the second lesson, he as miraculously fed four thousand with seven loaves and a few small fishes: in the first lesson for the evening, he delivered Daniel from the jaws of the lions; in the second lesson, he comforted Paul in distresses of every shape. Let these sweet and precious truths be engraven on my heart for ever, for the sake of Jesus Christ.

SUNDAY, October 12th.

THE Lord has permitted me to enjoy the light<sup>3</sup> of another Sabbath, and to attend twice his house of prayer. The morning's discourse was on the 4th chap. 1st of John, 16th verse—"God is love;" and I earnestly hope the Holy Spirit shed its influence upon the hearts of those who heard it. Our minister shewed the exceeding love of God the Father, in giving his only begotten Son to die for our sins; and the unbounded love of Christ, in yielding himself to the scorn of men, the common miseries of our nature, and at last to a most ignominious death, for our sakes,—gave encouragement to believers of every class to live in a humble dependance upon him,—affectionately strengthened the babes in Christ,—and in conclusion, put the question to every one present—"how they know and believe the love God hath to them?" May the Lord the Spirit enable me to deal faithfully, and to answer the question for myself! The first reason I can give that I know and believe the love that God hath to me is, that he hath by his Spirit led me to see my sinful state by nature, and my lost and helpless condition without Christ: my second reason, that he hath shewed me Christ as his most precious gift to lost mankind: thirdly, that by faith Christ is made unto me wisdom, sanctification, and redemption; that in his righteousness only, I am justified from all things,—he having ful-

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filled the law, and by his most precious blood shedding answered all the demands of Divine Justice.— My last reason is, that God has himself given me faith to receive Christ as my *all and all*; to see him in all his divine characters; to accept my salvation of him as a free gift, without any merit or participation on my part. Yes, Blessed Jesus,

I humbly bow beneath thy sway—  
 Thou art the life, the truth, the way;  
 'Tis thou shalt guide me to the end—  
 Thou art the sinner's only friend;  
 'Tis thou hast set the captive free—  
 Thine arm hath won the victory.  
 What now remains for me to do  
 But all the fruits of faith to shew?  
 To love thy people and thy cause,  
 (For love fulfils the best of laws;)  
 To wait on thee in humble prayer  
 For grace to shun each tempting snare;  
 To trust thee in each time of need,  
 And on each precious promise feed;  
 To mark the path of duty well,  
 And daily of thy mercies tell;  
 And when I've done with all beneath,  
 To trust thee in the hour of death.  
 Then when my faith is changed to sight,  
 And I shall bask in heavenly light,  
 With all thy ransom'd Church above,  
 I'll sing the triumphs of thy love!

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SUNDAY, October 26th.

I HAVE passed through a very unprofitable fortnight. Last Sunday I was prohibited from attending the means of grace; to-day I have, through mercy, been enabled to go once to the Sanctuary, where I love to go, and heard a discourse from the 36th verse of the

8th chap. John. Oh! that I were sufficiently thankful for the freedom I enjoy! Christ the Son has made me free indeed! and I desire to rejoice greatly, and to be daily and hourly found in humble adoration at the throne of grace for such an inestimable privilege!

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November 2nd.

<sup>(201)</sup>  
**AFTER** a week of toil ~~and~~ rather unusual anxiety, I have been privileged with the light of another day of sacred rest, and the sound of the Gospel! Blessed privilege! Our minister gave us a cheering invitation to the Water of Life, from the 16th and 17th verses of the 22nd chap. Revelations. It is a most interesting subject; and the Lord enabled him to set forth the freeness and fulness of God's mercy and grace in Christ Jesus, to poor, needy sinners. I bless God I feel my need of Christ every day, every hour, every moment, of my life; and I pray that he will not take his Holy Spirit from me, for I dread nothing so much as being left to myself. All the while I enjoy the light of his countenance, I am cheerful and happy; but if he withdraws it, it is night with my soul, and every thing I do is a trouble to me.—But a time will come, when I shall no longer endure these painful feelings. Oh! may I hail with joy that day, when I shall behold my Saviour's face in righteousness, and shall awake up with his likeness. Like David, I shall then be satisfied!

November 10th.

I HAVE to bless God for having passed a comfortable day. It has seldom occurred that I have been so quiet and even in my mind for a whole day. It is a privilege and happiness I am totally unworthy of, and I desire to be extremely thankful. I pray God it may not be the forerunner of a very dark day!

“Sweet the moments, rich in blessing,  
Which before the cross I spend;  
Life, and health, and peace possessing,  
From the sinner’s dying friend.

Here I’ll sit, for ever viewing  
Mercy’s streams in streams of blood;  
Precious drops my soul bedewing,  
Plead and claim my peace with God.”

“A joyful and pleasant thing it is to be thankful.”

S. B.

November 23rd.

THIS has been a day of refreshing for my poor soul! I heard in the morning, from the 3rd chap. Malachi, 16th and 17th verses, a Sermon full of consolation. The day in which God is to make up his jewels was so set forth that I wished for the fiery chariot of Elijah, to conduct me into the presence of the dear and adorable Redeemer!

O Lord! grant that a double portion of thy Spirit may be given to him under whose ministry thy providence has placed me, that he may be able to sound louder and louder the Gospel trumpet in the ears of

those who feel their need of comfort; and may all those who are at present unacquainted with the joyful sound, be made to hear it by the operation of divine grace upon the heart!

God of my life, thy power I own,  
And humbly bow before thy throne,  
To thank thee for that heavenly light  
Which set my wand'ring footsteps right.  
How long in darkness had I stray'd  
But for thy Holy Spirit's aid?  
How long a stranger had I been  
To every path but those of sin,  
Had not thy love subdued my heart  
And made me from those ways depart?  
What condescension and what love,  
That thou from the bright realms above  
Did once descend to live on earth,  
And died to give me second birth.  
Mysterious love and grace so free  
Shall fill my heart with love to thee!

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SUNDAY, November 30th.

**LORD!** how delightful is a day of sacred rest to the wayfaring pilgrim! how sweet is the time spent in thy service, when thy glory is the aim, and the salvation of immortal souls the end!

The comfort of thy Word has refreshed me much this day. The discourse in the morning from the 12th chap. Luke, 40th verse,—“Be ye ready also!” Important admonition! May He who uttered these words while upon earth, write them upon my heart by His Spirit's power, that I may be watchful, having my loins girded and my light burning, and so be prepared to meet the Bridegroom, not clothed in the



filthy garments of my own righteousness, but adorned with that perfect robe which my ever-blessed Saviour has purchased for me, and not for me only, but for all those who shall believe on his name.

“ Jesus, thy blood and righteousness  
My glory are, my beauteous dress ;  
Midst flaming worlds in these array'd  
With joy shall I lift up my head.  
Bold shall I stand in that great day,  
For who aught to my charge shall lay ?  
Freely through thee absolv'd I am  
From sin and fear, from guilt and shame.”

Gracious God ! take me and mine under thy Almighty protection for another week, and quicken me by thy Spirit to a more active and vigorous discharge of my duty. Keep me upon my watch-tower, that the enemy may not catch me off my guard. Let thy Word be a lantern unto my feet, and a light unto my paths. Shew me the way wherein I should go ; keep me from presuming on any merits of my own. Let me, like Mary, take my station at my dear Saviour's feet, and listen to the gracious words that proceed out of his mouth. Fit and prepare me for a worthy reception of the most comfortable Sacrament of the Lord's Supper ; and may a deep sense of thy dying love be felt by all who shall meet at thy table.

Oh may we all with hearts of love  
Partake thy bounties there,  
And when we reach the world above  
Thy richer blessings share.

Under the shadow of thy wings will I make my refuge.

S. B.

SUNDAY, December 14th.

**THROUGH** the unbounded goodness of Almighty God, I have passed another day in peace and comfort.—Heard the “glad tidings of salvation:” in the morning’s discourse, from the 9th chap. Zechariah, 12th verse; in which our Blessed Immanuel was held up as the only refuge for sinners. Prisoners of hope! yes, of a well-grounded hope, when we turn to Christ as the stronghold. Oh! may I be able, through his blessed aid, to cling fast to his Cross, and be made willing to suffer the loss of all things rather than lose my hold: there, and there only, I may anchor in safety; and though my poor bark may be sadly shattered and beat about with the storms of adversity, affliction, or temptations, while Jesus is my pilot it shall outride them all, and the gales of everlasting love and mercy shall waft me safe into the desired haven; and there shall I ever be with the Lord! Hallelujah!!

I thank thee, blessed God, for the mercies of another week! Take me and mine, and all that are thine, into thy safe keeping; let thy everlasting arms be underneath us, and the broad shield of thy love extended over us,—so shall we be safe from all the evils of every enemy!

S. B.

SATURDAY, December 20th.

How very refreshing is rest to the weary! I have

been painfully exercised this week with bodily labour and fatigue, and am sincerely thankful to Almighty God for bringing me in safety to the close of it. I confess, with shame, that I have been peevish and fretful; and for such rebellion, I have deserved much severer chastisement than bodily fatigue: but oh! thou who art not extreme to mark what I have done amiss, help me to lead a new life, to be more thankful for thy tender mercies, more submissive to thy divine will, and more zealous for thy glory! Be with all thy worshipping people this night and tomorrow. Bless them in the Sanctuary! Clothe thy Word with power, and deck thy priests with righteousness!

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SUNDAY, December 21st.

BLESSED God! I desire to praise thee for the light of another of thy Sabbaths here! I was greatly refreshed in the morning by a discourse from the 32nd chap. Isaiah, 16th and 17th verses. Fulfil in us, O Lord, that delightful promise! Let us all be clothed with thy righteousness; let thy *peace* be upon us, and may the blessed effects of it be felt by us all, even quietness and assurance for ever! Assist thy ministering servant to set forth thy great and precious truths in lively colours; and grant to our little Zion a joyful refreshing this week, while we meet to celebrate the dear Redeemer's Birth!

SATURDAY, January 10th, 1835.

“**BLESSED** are they that do hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled.” This has been my own experience this last week. I have been filled with the most delightful assurances of my Heavenly Father’s love; but oh! what tongue can tell the dreadful state of my mind the preceding fortnight! Not one ray of divine light, no hope, no joy, no love, no peace,—all was darkness; yet, blessed be God, I did not despair of the divine goodness, though I fear I did not wait patiently on the Lord; but his mercies never fail; and according to his promise, in his own good time, the darkened cloud was withdrawn, and I once more saw my beloved as the choicest among ten thousand, and the altogether lovely!

Oh! may it be thy will, most merciful Father, to continue to me the light of thy countenance. I know I deserve it not; but I plead thy gracious promises and the merits of my dear Redeemer. Thou hast said “thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on thee.” Oh! increase my faith, for thou knowest, Lord, I have had no peace while thou hidest thyself from me: but I will lay my mouth in the dust; for, doubtless, I had great need of this humiliation. When my mountain stood strong, I thought I should never be moved; but thou hidest thy face, and I was troubled: nevertheless, thou hast

not forsaken me, but hast caused me again to look towards thy holy temple. I will, therefore, rejoice and be exceeding glad, for the Lord has heard the voice of my groaning, and has comforted me. Blessed be the name of the Lord! and praised be the God of my salvation, for "he hath put a new song in my mouth, even a thanksgiving unto our God." Amen.

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**SUNDAY, January 11th.**

**AGAIN** it is my privilege to be thankful for great mercies. Oh! what condescension that God should hear and answer the poor petitions of his unworthy servant! How precious was the Word preached this morning! I was enabled to hear it with lively joy, and receive it with extreme thankfulness. The first verse of the 60th chap. Isaiah—that chapter so beautiful throughout! May the Divine Teacher imprint it on my heart as a lively emblem of the glory of the Gentiles having arisen upon me; and may my privilege be, to be more upon the mount with God, that my face may shine more among men.

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**SUNDAY, January 18th.**

**I ENJOYED** the discourse this morning from the 16th chap. Matthew, 1st and two following verses,—appropriate for the times, and concluding with admonitions to all the well-wishers of civil and religious society.

SUNDAY, January 25th.

**F**EELING this morning full of the infirmities of the flesh, I applied to the Word of Life, when this delightful promise met my eye and engaged my heart: "My grace is sufficient for thee, for my strength is made perfect in weakness;" and ever blessed be the God of Abraham, who hath fulfilled that promise to me this day. In myself I was all weakness; but I have enjoyed much inward peace and light in the Lord. Heard a discourse in the morning from the 1st chap. Galatians, 23rd and 24th verses. The minister gave a very brief and interesting account of Paul's life previous to his conversion, and drew from that the most encouraging hopes for poor sinners to come to Christ. *My own* case was laid out before me; for I was once a Saul hating all who professed the religion of Jesus, though I should have shuddered at being told I did not love God; but through His rich and unmerited mercy in Christ, I have, I trust, obtained pardon, because I did it ignorantly and in unbelief. O how blind and ignorant is the natural mind of man! and how astonishing the work and effect of converting grace! Though I cannot, like Paul, boast of any miraculous appearance, yet I have no more reason to doubt of the Spirit's work upon my heart than he had,—taking only one evidence, that I *now* love all those who love the Lord Jesus.

Gracious Lord! while I pray for myself and fa-

mily, I would also pray for him thou hast placed as Pastor over us. Grant to him more of the energetic spirit of thy servant Paul. May he, like Paul, be a chosen vessel to convey thy Name, and proclaim thy free grace and salvation to thousands of sinners;—and to thee be all the praise, the power and the glory, for ever. Amen.

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SUNDAY, February 22nd, 1835.

THE morning's discourse was from the 17th and two following verses of the 3rd chap. Genesis; the afternoon's from the 15th verse of the same. The Fall of Man was portrayed in the former, and the Recovery shewn in the latter. The Lord enabled me to see much of His Almighty love to me as a poor sinner, not only corrupt from being of the stock of Adam, but by daily and hourly actual transgression. I want nothing but grace to praise him more, and love to serve him better.

“Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me praise his holy name.”

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SUNDAY, March 1st.

AFTER a gloomy and unprofitable week, I have been refreshed this afternoon by a discourse from the 9th chap. Genesis, 14th and two following verses. Some

ideas flashed across my mind respecting the *rainbow*, but which I have not power to express.

My feelings were touched by observing the silent tear steal down the cheek of E. P. during the thanksgiving for the safe delivery of his wife. I thought it an evidence of the heart being renewed by divine grace, as we so seldom notice the like sensibility in the unconverted: it called forth my sympathy in strains like these—

“Precious relief! sure friends that forward press  
To aid the mind’s unspeakable distress.”

“When kindred souls together meet,  
And humbly at the Saviour’s feet  
In supplication bow,  
’Tis sweet to feel the power of love  
Descending on us from above,  
And share each others woe.”

THE END OF THE DIARY.



## A CHRISTMAS SONG FOR ZION'S PILGRIMS.

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My dear fellow-pilgrims, through sorrows dark vale,  
Come, join me in hailing the birth of our King ;  
'Tis a season of gladness, so let us regale,  
'Tis a season of mirth, and 'tis meet we should sing.

Then let us rejoice that, as on this day,  
A Prince and a Saviour, a Brother was born,  
A Mighty Deliverer our ransom to pay,  
The offspring of David—exalting his horn.

Oh where can a cause for such gladness be found  
As the work of redemption accomplish'd for us ?  
The whole race of Adam, apostates all round,  
Not one but by Nature inherits the curse !

Oh ! let us then sing of the wonderful love  
Of the Father, the Spirit, and Jesus the Son,  
That Jesus who came from his glory above  
To suffer and die for the crimes we have done.

Let us sing of the triumphs o'er death, hell, and sin  
All vanquish'd when Jesus arose from the grave,  
Of Him who in Heaven now reigns as our King,  
All-gracious to pardon, Almighty to save.

Let this be a birth-day recorded by Saints,  
 Let the young and the aged His praises proclaim,  
 Let the sick for a season forget their complaints,  
 And those who go halting know not they are lame.

While the vot'ries of pleasure find mirth in their  
 bowls,

We'll envy them not their unhallow'd repast;  
 Such joys are ill-suited to satisfy souls  
 Whose hope is a home in His glory at last.

Come, then, fellow-pilgrim, and let us repair  
 To the Banquet of love that our Jesus provides;  
 And oh! may we feel, while we feed on Him there,  
 That Jesus himself at his table presides.

Yes, there with devotion heartfelt may we kneel,  
 With deepest contrition mourn sins that are past;  
 And may His blest Spirit then cause us to feel  
 That those sins, by His blood, are entirely eras'd.

It is in these emblems the Lord did ordain  
 Each humble believer by faith should discern  
 The work of Redemption wrought over again,  
 That the flame of our love more divinely may burn.

There's a sweetness that flows from communion  
 below,

A foretaste of Heav'n in this banquet of love—  
 But naught to the pleasures hereafter that flow  
 From the union of saints with their Saviour above.

'Tis there, and there only, their joy is complete,  
 When freed from the clogs that encumber them  
 here;  
 There all must be holy, there all must be sweet,  
 They're happy for ever, and cannot sin there!  
 Then come, fellow-pilgrims! no longer delay,  
 Let us haste to the banquet our Jesus provides;  
 Let us prove ourselves subjects inclined to obey  
 The will of our Saviour, whatever betides.

*December 20th, 1836.*

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**SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF AN  
 UNKNOWN COUSIN, AGED 22.**

—————

UNKNOWN yet lov'd, unseen yet dear,  
 Thy mem'ry well deserves a tear,  
 Nor can I cease to weep;  
 Yet do I know, with thee 'tis well,  
 Tho' in the cold earth's narrow cell  
 Thy mould'ring flesh does sleep.

I knew thee not, dear youth, below,  
 Yet tears of fond regret will flow,  
 For thy untimely doom;  
 But while I weep, I can rejoice  
 To think thou heard'st thy Saviour's voice,  
 And could reply, "Lord, come."

'Tis well with thee, for oh! thy soul  
 Soars high above its earthly goal,  
 And breathes celestial air;  
 Views its Redeemer face to face,  
 Shouts to the triumphs of His grace,  
 With untold millions there.

I knew thee not,—but oh! may I  
 When call'd, like thee rejoice to die,  
 And meet thee near His throne;  
 There see what heart can not conceive,  
 And from my Saviour's hand receive  
 Freely, my blood-bought crown!

*January 3rd, 1837.*

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### A MOTHER'S GRATITUDE.

HUMBLY ADDRESSED TO THE LADIES OF THE  
 NATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL.

---

KIND ladies, do not think me vain,  
 Altho' my verse be rude;  
 Your kindness prompts the humble strain,  
 And claims my gratitude.

My children, every Sabbath-day,  
 Your kind instructions share;  
 Then sure 'tis right that I should pray  
 For this your pious care.

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Oh ! may the seed you freely sow  
 For Jesus' sake alone,  
 Take root and flourish, bloom and grow  
 In virtues all His own !

Yours now the task to rear the thought,  
 Oh ! that it too may be  
 Your joy to see them early brought  
 To practice piety.

And may they be in this their day  
 A useful, holy race,  
 Examples of a Saviour's sway,  
 And trophies to his grace !

Thus will the labours of your love  
 Here meet with due regard,  
 And in those blissful realms above  
 Enjoy a full reward.

And may your Sabbaths, as they're past,  
 The sweetest foretastes be  
 Of that which shall for ever last  
 Throughout eternity !

*March 24th, 1837.*

MARY MAGDALENE

---

SEEST thou that poor lonely one  
Running onward tow'rd's the tomb,  
Long before the rising sun  
Did old Salem's towers illumine?  
Pale her cheek, and swoll'n her eye,  
Weep'st thou woman, tell me why?

Hark! she heaves a mournful sigh,  
In her hand she bears perfume—  
Fearfully she ventures nigh—  
Stooping, looks into the tomb:  
But sudden terror and surprise,  
Stay awhile her weeping eyes.

As she was about to rise,  
Two in shining raiment said  
"Woman, why those streaming eyes?  
Thy Jesus is no longer dead,  
He is risen with the day—  
See the place where once he lay!"

"To Galilee he bends his way."  
Mary, with surprise and doubt,  
Knew not if to go or stay;  
But as she turn'd herself about,  
A stranger asks, in accents deep,  
"Woman, tell me why you weep?"

"Sir, if thou this garden keep,  
 And have borne my Lord away,  
 That dear Lord for whom I weep,  
 Tell me where he is, I pray!  
 I will take him far from hence,  
 If he is the least offence."

"Mary! with those tears dispense,  
 Seest thou not thy risen Lord?"  
 Now absorb'd was every sense—  
 "Rabboni!" was the only word  
 Ere upon her knees she fell,  
 To worship him she lov'd so well.

"Go, Mary, and my brethren tell  
 I am alive for evermore;  
 Lo! I now ascend to dwell  
 In glory, where I was before,  
 To plead there with my God and theirs,  
 Our Father is the name He bears."

These words dispell'd all Mary's fears,  
 And sudden joy illum'd that face  
 So lately sadden'd o'er with tears.  
 With beating heart and quicken'd pace  
 She hastes, the joyful news to spread—  
 "The Lord is risen from the dead!"

And all who have for refuge fled  
 To that dear Saviour, oft will grieve,

Will mourn the sins for which he bled,  
 That they Salvation might receive :  
 Like Mary, they will strive to prove  
 How much they prize that Saviour's love !

*March 31st, 1837.*

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 " NOW IS THE ACCEPTED TIME."  
 —————

SINNERS of every age and clime,  
 Attend the Gospel call ;  
 Now, now is the accepted time,  
 The day of grace for all.

To-day ! if you will hear his voice,  
 If you will seek his face—  
 To-day, in him you shall rejoice,  
 To-day receive his grace.

To-day with all thy burden come,  
 And he will give you rest :  
 In his dear heart there still is room  
 For every *willing* guest.

To-day is but the present hour,  
 To-morrow may not come,  
 Oh ! seize it, while you have the power,  
 Lest he in wrath consume.

Oh ! could I tell you what he's done  
 To give my conscience peace,



The theme would only be begun  
When time itself shall cease.

He did the same for you, for all—  
If you will but believe,  
And with repentance on him call,  
His offer'd grace receive.

Oh! do not longer tarry here,  
Where sin and death abound;  
Call on the Saviour while he's near,  
Seek, while he may be found.

Come now to Jesus as you are,  
While it is call'd to-day;  
Come with this humble, fervent prayer—  
“Lord, cast me not away:”

“Let the dear blood that thou hast spilt  
Be sprinkl'd on my soul,  
Oh! let it cover all my guilt:  
Lord, make a Sinner whole!”

This prayer, if offer'd up in faith,  
Will draw from God above  
A hope that gives you life in death—  
Secured in Jesus' love.

HOLY DESIRES.

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COME, Holy Comforter ! and bring  
Thy mercy from above,  
Thou source from whence my comforts spring,  
Come, fill my soul with love.

Give me, O Lord, increased desire  
To love thee more and more;  
Let me in holy thought retire  
Thy goodness to adore.

Make me thy statutes to fulfil,  
Shew me the perfect way;  
Teach me the precepts of thy will,  
Incline me to obey.

Oh ! guide my footsteps, lest I stray,  
Uphold me, lest I fall;  
Shield me from evil night and day,  
And hear me when I call.

'Tis true I tread a thorny path,  
Yet if thy presence cheer,  
I'll triumph with a lively faith  
O'er all that grieves me here.

A little while, and death's embrace  
Shall close this mortal scene;  
Then I shall see my Saviour's face  
Without a veil between.

Shall live for ever with the Lord  
 In brightest realms above,  
 And with redeemed saints record  
 The triumphs of His love.

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### EASTER DAY.

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AWAKE, my soul, arise and sing,  
 Send forth a cheerful strain;  
 Come, sound the praises of thy King,  
 Who died and rose again.

Sing, how he conquering, left the bed  
 Of dark mortality:  
 Sing, how triumphantly he led  
 Captive captivity!

Sing, how he pleads for us on high,  
 Before his Father's throne;  
 He pleads the blood that brought us nigh,  
 And merits—all his own.

Sing, how he op'd the gates above  
 For his believing Saints,  
 And how he soothes, with looks of love,  
 Their sorrows and complaints.

While I can boast this Saviour mine,  
 The world, with all its joys,

I can with calm contempt resign  
To those who love its toys.

I'll sing, and this shall be my strain—  
(Tho' wither'd every gourd)

"Glory to Him who once was slain,  
Praise to our risen Lord!"

*March 26th, 1837.*

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WHAT simple things will strike the mind!  
What beauties Nature's gifts afford!  
The heav'n-taught soul in all may find  
Something that leads to Nature's God.

Within my garden (small, I own,  
Yet still affording some delight,)  
Sometime ago sweet peas I'd sown,  
Which now were grown a foot in height.

I saw they needed little props,  
To which their tendrils green might cling,  
(Not tall and stately poles like hops,)  
But merely little bits of string.

I plac'd them—but so weak were they,  
They needed oft a helping hand;  
Which I supplied from day to day,  
Till they embrac'd the flaxen band.

And now I find they cling so tight,  
 That nought but force could them remove :  
 Ah me! thought I, with some delight,  
 This may a useful lesson prove.

These peas without a little aid  
 Would not have bloom'd so fresh and fair,  
 But straggling on the ground have laid,  
 In ruin and disorder there.

Just such a state my soul was in  
 Till Jesus lent his gracious aid,  
 And snatch'd me from the paths of sin  
 In which I all my life had stray'd.

Now humbly yielding to his pow'r,  
 And leaning on his strength alone,  
 To arms of flesh I trust no more;  
 For if I do, I am undone.

But still I need the means of grace,  
 God's holy Word from day to day.  
 At every time, in every place,  
 To keep all worldly thoughts away.

I need the mighty hand of God  
 To hold my feeble nature up,  
 His Spirit's aid—his chast'ning rod,  
 Nay more—affliction's bitter cup.

With all these helps, shall I repine?  
 Or doubt that they for good shall be?

No, rather be the triumph mine  
That God hath shewn such love to me.

Then let me pray for strength and grace  
To cling to Jesus all my days,  
Till I behold him face to face,  
And with Archangels sing his praise!

8, *Garden Row,*  
*July 1st, 1833.*



9th GENESIS, 14th, 15th, & 16th verses.



WHAT causes that beautiful bow in the sky?  
The rays of the sun and the droppings of rain.  
Its colours how brilliant! each seems to outvie  
The other in beauty, so perfect their train!

Yet all are so beautifully blended—the green,  
The yellow, the orange and purple so bright,  
That neither beginning nor ending is seen—  
So perfect the order in which they unite.

This bow was a token of mercy and love  
In the covenant made with our forefather Noah;  
And while it is seen in the heavens above,  
The flood shall not cover the earth any more.

Now what may I learn from this bow in the sky,  
That is form'd by the rays of the sun in a shower?

That the droppings of rain is like grace from on high,  
 And the rays of the sun like my Saviour's great  
 power.

Yet the tints of the rainbow, tho' never so bright,  
 But faintly the graces of Jesus display;  
 His love and his mercy more firmly unite,  
 And shine in more splendour and beauty than they.

How boundless his love! his mercy how free!  
 How matchless his grace! and his pow'r how di-  
 To save from destruction a rebel like me, [vine!  
 And give himself for me a seal and a sign!

Oh! the depths of his knowledge, his wisdom and  
 grace,  
 By human conception ne'er measur'd can be;  
 For the *most* of his goodness *our* wisdom can trace,  
 Is like one little drop of the fathomless sea.

'Then oh! may I trust, tho' I cannot conceive,  
 Nor with vain curiosity try to explore;  
 But with humble submission the promise believe,  
 That the flood shall not cover the earth any more.

~~~~~  
 13th HEBREWS, 14th verse.

---

WELL might the great Apostle say  
 There's no continuance here;  
 The changes of a single day  
 Make it a point so clear,

That all the solemn truth must know—  
There's no continuance here below.

The infant but a moment old  
This solemn fact reveals :  
Scarce does the opening bud unfold  
The beauty it conceals,  
When Death, with cruel grasp, makes clear  
There's no continuing city here.

Ask blooming youth, or manhood's prime—  
Ask age, with furrow'd cheek—  
Ask where you will,—in every clime  
They all the truth will speak :  
Since Adam fell, the proof is clear,  
There's no continuing city here.

This lesson to the worldling preach,  
He'll scoff at what you say ;  
Still fancying bliss within his reach  
While in this house of clay :  
But Death shall let the worldling know  
There's no continuance here below.

Go, tell the miser he must leave  
His bags of shining gold ;  
Will he the unwelcome tale believe,  
Or quit his idol hold ?  
Yes, he at last, o'erwhelm'd with fear,  
Shall own there's no continuance here.



Go, tell the Christian he must die,—  
 Ah, no—he never dies!  
 But passes to a world on high,  
 Where all his treasure lies.  
 This is the city still to come,  
 And there the Christian finds his home.

There the redeemed, blood-bought throng,  
 Shall meet around the throne,  
 And in one universal song  
 Give praise to God alone.  
 Sweet hallelujahs swell their strains,  
 For Jesus Christ for ever reigns!



ON READING IN THE NEWSPAPER, THAT  
 CARLISLE WAS CONVERTED TO CHRISTIANITY.



O God! my humble muse inspire,  
 While gratefully I strike the lyre  
 To sing thy strength divine:  
 What heart could now remain unmov'd  
 That had, like mine, thy mercy prov'd,  
 Or tasted love like thine!

What tongue, that thou didst ever bless  
 With power to breathe in sweet access  
 A fervent prayer to thee,  
 Could now refuse to lend a voice,

Nor with the angelic choir rejoice  
When sinners turn to thee?

Where is the knee that will not bow  
In grateful adoration now,

And own a Saviour's sway?  
When Infidels, who long have spread  
Their baneful errors, now are led  
By Truth's eternal ray!

Oh! what a proof is here for all,  
When base CARLISLE becomes a Paul,  
And owns his Saviour God!  
Voltaire and Paine are thrown aside,  
The holy Bible now his guide—  
He feeds upon the Word!

Fountain of truth! exhaustless mine!  
How splendid must thy beauties shine  
When, by the Spirit's aid,  
CARLISLE convinc'd, can read and see  
The glories of the Trinity  
In Unity display'd!

Misguided man! in Satan's spell  
Long wast thou bound—the road to hell  
How many years you trod!  
But in the day of Sovereign power  
Thou wast made willing, never more  
To wander from thy God!

Go now, and like a second Paul,  
 Declare thy freedom from the thrall  
     Of Satan's slavish chain;  
 Boldly assert to sinners round,  
 How rich a Saviour you have found,  
     And what eternal gain.

Go, in thine injur'd Master's strength  
 Proclaim the height, depth, breadth, and  
     Of his forgiving love!                   [length  
 None can so well proclaim the same  
 As those who feel a kindred flame,  
     And his forgiveness prove.

Go, and may thy remaining days  
 Be spent in fervent prayer and praise,  
     For much has been forgiven:  
 Thine end be peace—thy future bliss  
 Secure, eternal, as is His  
     At God's right hand in Heaven!

*February 10th, 1837.*

~~~~~  
 ACROSTIC.

C AN I by faith survey the Saviour's cross,  
 A nd count all other things to be as dross?  
 L ook from thy summit to the grave, where Death  
 V anquish'd, for ever lies with Hell beneath?  
 A nd can I raise, with hope, a look on high,  
 R ejoice that Jesus reigns o'er earth and sky?  
 Y es—all my blessings flow from Calvary.

## THE SEASONS.

AN EMBLEM OF A CHRISTIAN'S STATE.

---

TIME rolls along with rapid stride,  
 And years in quick succession fly;  
 Spring, Summer, Autumn, Winter, glide  
 In various dress before the eye.

Each changing season of the year  
 How like the Christian's path below!  
 Sometimes 'twill smooth and bright appear,  
 Then rough, and clouded o'er with woe.

Spring, beauteous emblem of that state  
 When all the Christian graces shoot;  
 When zeal is warm, and love is great,  
 We hope, ere long, to see the fruit.

But ah! how soon a change takes place,—  
 To-day sweet blossoms cheer our sight,  
 To-morrow wears a different face—  
 A cold east wind, with chilling blight.

But as in Nature, so in Grace—  
 Some plants outlive the keenest storm;  
 Shelter'd in Christ, their hiding place,  
 His genial ray still keeps them warm.

They live—and, like the Summer, soon  
 More health, and strength, and vigour shew;

Basking beneath the blaze of noon,  
 Like stately cedars thrive and grow.

There, too, enjoy the peaceful calm  
 Of Summer evenings' twilight grey;  
 The sweet repose, the soothing balm,  
 Found but in Wisdom's pleasant way.

Sweet emblem this, of joys to come,  
 And blest indeed those souls must be  
 Whom Christ in Autumn gathers home,  
 While yet the fruit is on the tree.

But some must brave stern Winter's face,  
 See many a dark and cloudy day;  
 Devoid of light, devoid of grace,  
 They mourn a heart too hard to pray.

On such, dear Lord, thy pity shew,  
 And let the sunbeams of thy love  
 Revive thy plants and make them grow,  
 In fitness for thy courts above.

*January 17th, 1837.*

~~~~~

TO AN AGED DISCIPLE,  
 WHO COMPLAINED OF THE ROUGHNESS OF HER PATH.

—————

FEAR not, however rough the path,  
 God's arm supports the hoary;

The way, altho' it leads to death,  
Is still the way to glory.

Fear not, thy Jesus holds thee fast,  
He never will forsake thee;  
He guides thee now, and at the last,  
Will safe to glory take thee.

There thy expanded soul shall fly,  
And still repeat the story  
Of Jesus' coming down to die,  
That we might reign in glory!

*February 24th, 1837.*

---

FEBRUARY 19th, 1837, AFTER A SERMON FROM  
22nd chap. LUKE, 61st verse.

---

THERE was no anger in that eye  
The Lord on Peter turn'd,  
There was no wrath to signify  
He was by justice spurn'd:

'Twas not a look that seem'd to say—  
Deceitful one, adieu!  
But rather, "Peter, weep and pray,  
There's mercy yet for you!"

Oh! such a look of love and grief,  
That pierc'd his inmost soul;

In floods of tears he sought relief,  
And wept without control.

Contrition, join'd with keen remorse,  
His troubled soul possess'd;  
Shame, fear, and hope, alternate toss  
The frail disciple's breast.

Peter, till now, had never known  
The vileness of his heart;  
But we, if ever left alone,  
Can act as base a part.

Yes, in a thousand ways, we all  
Our blessed Lord deny;  
And think, with Peter, ere we fall,  
We could both fight and die.

But 'tis in Jesus' strength alone  
We ever can succeed;  
Whoe'er attempts it in his own,  
Will find it weak indeed!

Self in all shapes must be denied,  
And Jesus must be all;  
So shall we stand, tho' sorely tried,  
And not, like Peter, fall.

Turn, Lord, on all that look of love  
Shew all our sins forgiv'n;  
Our never-failing treasure prove  
Our all on earth—in heaven.

# GRATITUDE FOR TEMPORAL MERCIES.

---

WHAT am I, Lord, that thus thou should'st shew

In abundance such goodness to me?  
Each day thou dost richly bestow

Some proof of thy bounty so free!

Shall I, while such mercies surround,

In torpid indifference lay?

Shall still I unthankful be found—

Oh! can I find *nothing* to say?

I feel, but I cannot express—

'Tis thy dearest hand to bestow

Both the will and the power to confess

What gratitude to thee I owe.

Thy Spirit, then, deign to impart,

To my mind all thy mercies recall;

Enliven my cold, sluggish heart,

And then I can thank thee for all!

*March 22nd, 1837.*

---

TO THE  
LADY JANE WILHELMINA ST. MAUR.

---

TREMBLING I write my simple strain,

Lest thou offended be;

But, Lady, I can not refrain

To breathe a prayer for thee.



Long may'st thou live to strike the chord  
 That sounds thy Jesus' fame,  
 'Thro' all the earth, at home, abroad,  
 His matchless love proclaim !

To Seamen's ears long may thy lyre  
 The pleasing sounds impart;  
 And oh ! may sparks of living fire  
 Convey them to the heart !

Long may the mighty out-stretch'd arm  
 Of God's eternal love  
 Guide thee, and keep thee safe from harm,  
 Thy rock and fortress prove !

And when thou drop'st the vail of flesh,  
 And Nature's functions cease,  
 May thy pure spirit bloom afresh  
 In realms of endless peace !

There thou shalt strike thy harp of gold  
 Before the Seaman's friend,  
 And join a multitude untold  
 In strains that never end.

*October 4th, 1836.*

## ACTS, chap. 27, verse 29.

WHAT tho' the Christian's fragile bark  
 Be toss'd upon life's troubled sea,  
 'Tis safe if pressing toward the mark  
 Of the high calling, Lord, in thee.

Oh yes! 'tis cheering to his soul,  
 When storms and tempests swell life's sea,  
 To feel amidst their keenest howl,  
 A simple, childlike trust in thee!

When midnight casts her gloomy veil  
 O'er every prospect of life's sea,  
 And fierce tornadoes rend each sail,  
 All, all is well, if steer'd by thee.

When rugged rocks lay all around,  
 And rolling mountains swell life's sea,  
 The little bark may run aground,  
 But can't be lost, if cast on thee.

Unskilful mariners, that sail  
 Without a pilot o'er life's sea,  
 In trouble find their courage fail,  
 But not the souls that trust in thee.

They shall ride safe thro' ev'ry storm,  
 Tho' fraught with danger is life's sea;  
 When reach'd the haven, all is calm  
 With those who anchor, Lord, on thee.

Jesus, my pilot, and my guide,  
 Direct my course through life's rough sea;  
 Thro' death's dark vale, calm let me glide,  
 And moor me safe in Heav'n with thee!

*February 12th, 1837.*

---

28th chap. JEREMIAH, part 16th verse.

*"This year thou shalt die!"*

---

My soul, the solemn warning hear!  
 The prophet's words may be  
 Within the circle of the year  
 From God address'd to thee!

This year! oh think how short the space!  
 Should'st thou be call'd away,  
 A few short months must end thy race—  
 A week—a single day!

Pause, then, my soul, oh! pause and think  
 How thou prepar'd canst be;  
 Remember thou art on the brink  
 Of vast Eternity!

Examine well each inmost thought,  
 Thy every word and deed;  
 See, when before the Judge thou'rt brought  
 If thou hast aught to plead.

Alas! those very words and deeds,

Thy guilty soul condemns—

And quick as vivid lightning, leads

To never-ending flames!

What endless woe, what dark despair,

What grief thy soul would fill,

Should'st thou presumptuously dare

To say "I've done thy will!"

No, rather with a trembling cry

Put up this single plea—

"My Saviour, on Mount Calvary,

Did bleed and die for me.

Feeling an interest in His blood,

This plea can never fail;

His promises secure have stood,

They must, they shall, prevail!

Then come and welcome, come the day,

The hour, when I must die;

Christ is my centre, and my stay,—

"My record is on high."

Safe in His love, my soul shall rest,

Nor even Death's alarms

Shall fright me from His faithful breast,

Or tear me from His arms!

Safe in His love, my faith should cry,

(Tho' Nature's ties should cling),

"The grave has lost its victory,  
And death has lost its sting!"

*January 9th, 1837.* COMPOSED IN THE NIGHT.

### A PRAYER FOR GRACE.

Saviour, to thy cross I fly,  
Hear a needy Sinner's cry,  
Bow thou down a gracious ear,  
Solve my doubts, and chase my fear;  
Thou that art a friend indeed,  
Help me in a time of need.

'Tis not what the world can give,  
'Tis not that I may receive  
Wealth, or honour, or esteem,  
(Things that vanish like a dream)  
But 'tis grace my soul to feed—  
Grace alone is what I need:

Grace to teach me how to pray,  
Grace to check me when I stray,  
Grace to comfort when distress'd,  
Grace to strengthen when oppress'd;  
Lord, revive the precious seed,—  
Cheer me in a time of need.

*September 18th, 1836.*

34th chap. **DEUTERONOMY**, first three verses.

WHEN Moses climb'd to Pisgah's height  
From Moab's plains below,  
Celestial visions clear and bright  
Made all the landscape glow.

He reach'd the top with wondrous ease,  
Led by the Eternal hand,  
And saw, with more than mortal gaze,  
Old Canaan's goodly land.

There with transporting joy he stood,  
With heavenly ardour fir'd,—  
Lean'd on the bosom of his God,  
And with delight expir'd.

Just so, my soul, could I desire  
To bid this world adieu!  
And in my Saviour's arms expire,  
With glory full in view!

What though no mortal hand be near  
To close my death-glaz'd eye—  
What though no human ear should hear  
My last expiring sigh,—

There is an eye that cannot sleep,  
Will watch my parting breath;  
There is a hand will deign to keep  
Me in the hour of death.

Yes, every humble, trusting soul  
 Is just as safe from harm  
 When stormy billows raging roll  
 As in the brightest calm.  
 Our frames and feelings ebb and flow  
 Just like the mighty main;  
 We're sometimes high, and sometimes low,  
 First light—then dark again.  
 The traveller, when the shades of night  
 Impede his lonely way,  
 Beholds with joy the moon's pale light,  
 Or stars' bright twinkling ray.  
 Anon, by darksome clouds obscur'd,  
 He wanders from his path;  
 And hapless, by some phantom lur'd,  
 Sinks in the jaws of death.  
 Not so the souls to Canaan bound,  
 Tho' God may deem it right  
 That darksome clouds may gather round,  
 And phantoms may affright.  
 Their way is safe, tho' in the dark,  
 If in the Saviour found;  
 For Noah was safe within the ark  
 When all the world was drown'd.

*Sunday, May 29th, 1836.*

SUNDAY, MARCH 3rd, 1833.

---

JESUS, my dear Almighty friend,  
 On whom alone my hopes depend,  
 My Lord, my life, my way, my end,  
 Say, art thou mine?

Surely if thou didst die to save  
 Creatures of every sin the slave,  
 Then *I*, thro' grace, some hope may have  
 That I am thine.

Then am I now made free from sin?  
 (Alas! I feel its power within)  
 Yes, thy dear blood can make me clean,  
 Thy blood divine.

'Tis in thy Righteousness I stand  
 As justified at God's right hand;  
 Tho' meanest of the chosen band,  
 In that I shine.

Oh! may the thought of love so great  
 Make me all carnal joys to hate,  
 More lasting gratitude create  
 For love like thine.

Oh, may I live to sound thy praise!  
 Acknowledge thee in all my ways,  
 And love thee to my latest days,  
 Till life's decline.



Then may I hear thee sweetly say,

"Come hither, soul, I am the way,

"Come, spend a long eternal day

With me and mine!"

And thou shalt find me true and true,  
And thou shalt find me true and true,  
And thou shalt find me true and true,  
And thou shalt find me true and true.

And thou shalt find me true and true,  
And thou shalt find me true and true,  
And thou shalt find me true and true,  
And thou shalt find me true and true.

And thou shalt find me true and true,  
And thou shalt find me true and true,  
And thou shalt find me true and true,  
And thou shalt find me true and true.

#### THE END.

And thou shalt find me true and true,  
And thou shalt find me true and true,  
And thou shalt find me true and true,  
And thou shalt find me true and true.

And thou shalt find me true and true,  
And thou shalt find me true and true,  
And thou shalt find me true and true,  
And thou shalt find me true and true.

And thou shalt find me true and true,  
And thou shalt find me true and true,  
And thou shalt find me true and true,  
And thou shalt find me true and true.

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